

"To look through the
Pictures must be a
delight to anyone."

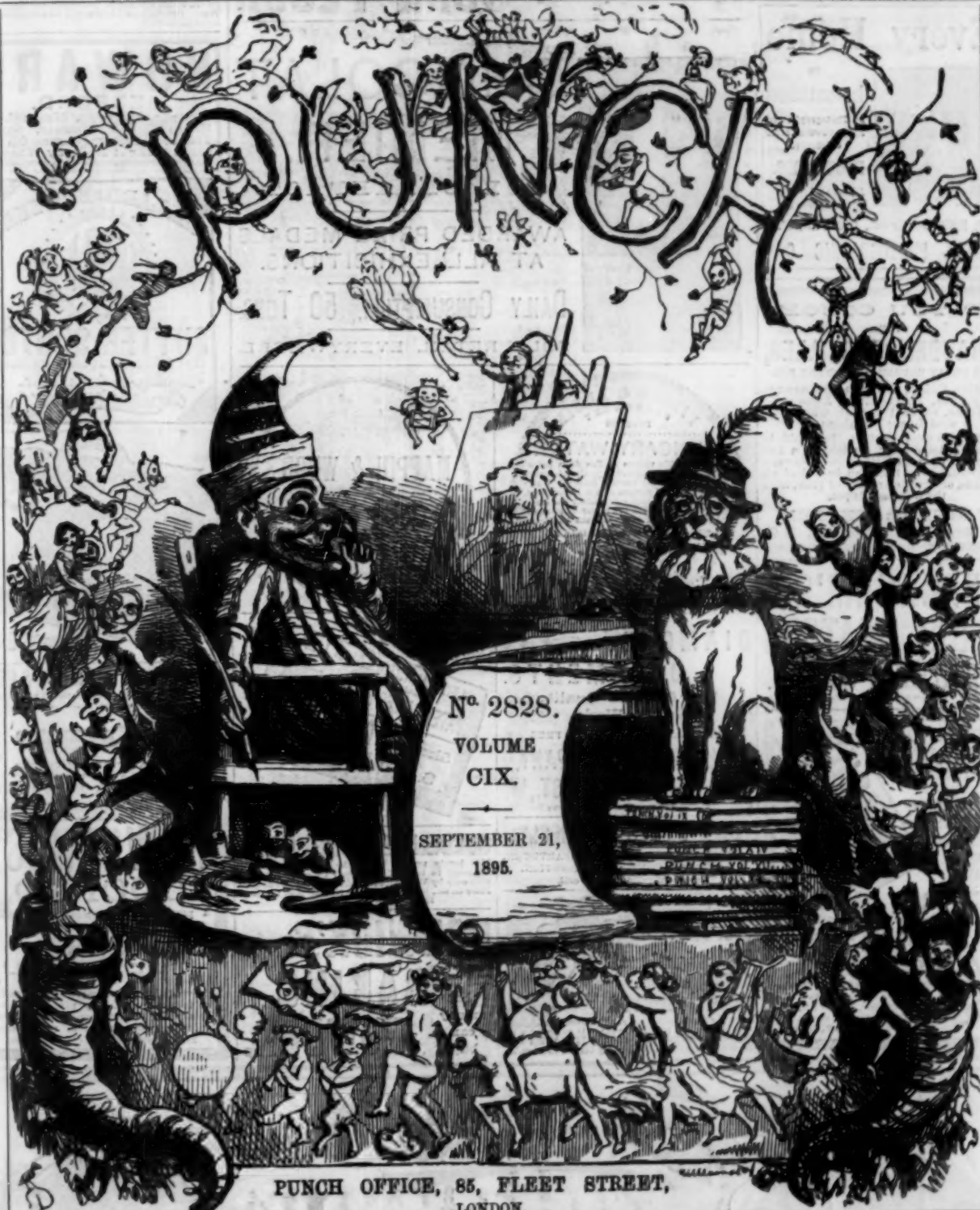
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IN THE VESTRY.

Strange Minister (to Elder). "DO YOU COME UP TO THE PULPIT FOR THE COLLECTION?"

Elder. "NA, NA. WE'RE NO PARTICKLER TO A BAWBEE HERE!"

THE END OF GEORGIE'S AND JACKY'S HOLIDAYS.

(A Second Extract from the Note-Book of Mr. Barlow the Younger.)

Now that the summer vacation is drawing rapidly to a close, it may be as well to record the end of the holidays of my two interesting charges, GEORGIE and JACKY. Some little time since I wrote the story of one of their exploits. The two lads do not live a very eventful life even in their hours of recreation. During the mid-annual recess I usually choose some delightful spot for our temporary home, combining the joint charms of change of scene and increased economy. The fashionable watering-place of Drainville-on-Sea has a suburb in which apartments may be obtained at a very reasonable figure. The reason for this lowness of price is no doubt to be traced to the fact that many of the residences are in the habitation of the superfluous live stock of a very prosperous pork merchant, having his house of business in the neighbourhood. However, in spite of our distance from Drainville-on-Sea, my lads have been fairly contented with their lot. They have been able to fish, to climb trees, and to take long walks.

"Revered Sir," said, on one occasion, GEORGIE, who is generally accepted as the spendthrift of my brace of students, "it would give great pleasure to JACKY if you were kindly to give me a shilling with which to purchase Japanese caramel cannon-balls. I have reasons for believing that his medical attendant, Dr. COFFIN BLOCKHEAD, considers that this delicious sweetstuff, or, I should say, pleasing physis, would be of much benefit to him."

"Why is the lad ill?" I asked, with an anxiety tempered with incredulity.

"No, revered Sir," promptly replied GEORGIE; "and I fancy that Dr. COFFIN BLOCKHEAD regards the composition, which may be obtained at a penny the ounce, or two ounces for three halfpence, rather as a preventative than a curative. Were JACKY to have a shilling's-worth, he would not only possess enough to ward off the

shaft of the destroyer himself, but would be able to give me a sufficient quantity to parry the insidious dart of disease; and that you might be satisfied that the money was expended in the life-protecting compound in question, I would willingly undertake to make the purchase."

Here JACKY protested that he was quite old and conscientious enough to be trusted with the cash himself.

"Not that I have any doubt of my respected comrade's probity," he quickly added; "but in matters of business one cannot be too careful."

"My dear pupils," said I, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accede to your request, had I the means at hand. I fancy, in spite of the opinion of Dr. COFFIN BLOCKHEAD—a physician whose name I now hear for the first time—that I should have to consider the cost of Japanese caramel cannon-balls as an incident properly chargeable to pocket-money. Unfortunately you both exhausted that fund a fortnight since, by causing me to defray the expenses of a donkey ride, which mounted up in the aggregate to no less an amount than one shilling and eightpence halfpenny."

"But surely, revered Sir," suggested GEORGIE, who has a bent for mathematics; "as our parents allow us half-a-sovereign a week each for the purposes of recreation, the sum you mention, although not inconsiderable, would scarcely have—"

"Stop!" I cried, with some show of severity; "you really must not argue with me. I do not give you all your ten shillings a week, as I am reserving a portion of them to form the nucleus of an old-age pension to which you will become entitled on reaching eighty. The scheme is not without complications, so I reserve its description in detail until you are both old enough to understand it. Enough to say that I must repeat the present advance of a shilling is impossible."

After this rebuff the lads were silent, and I regret to say not altogether contented. However, they soon, with the elasticity of youth, regained their spirits, and were as merry and as happy as ever. They absented themselves from my society more frequently than before, and when I saw them, seemed to be unusually prosperous, or to use an expressive colloquialism, "flush of money." GEORGIE continually appeared in gigantic collars that could have only been acquired at considerable expense, and JACKY as often carried a new walking-stick with a fairly costly handle. On one occasion they came home with a gift for me. It was a mug with a rough sketch of a mule or some less noble animal on the side balancing the handle, and was labelled "A Present from Drainville-on-Sea." I was gratified, but my satisfaction savoured of curiosity.

During the absence of my pupils I frequently visited the neighbouring watering-place. Amongst the many distractions of the sands was one "entertainment" which caused me considerable embarrassment. Two "mysterious minstrels" disguised in wide-awakes, blue spectacles, and comforters occasionally made what is known as a "dead set" at me. These vocalists (who were small, but noisy), did a roaring trade amongst the excursionists. They seemed to have a long repertoire of songs. They vocally narrated the adventures of a young person from the country, who seemingly, with a view to enjoying the restorative effects of sea-bathing, appeared with "her hair hanging down her back," and the vagaries of a body of revellers who preferred to parade the streets "nine in a row," instead of in couples or singly, when they were in a condition subsequently recognised by the presiding magistrate with a fine of five shillings. These ditties were not altogether unamusing, and I might have enjoyed them had they not been supplemented by a song dealing personally with myself. This last effort was mere doggerel, but it was so insulting that I was forced to give the vocalists into custody. I explained that the lines were calculated to cause a breach of the peace, and the local policeman removed the singers to the station-house.

This last adventure caused me some annoyance, and I returned to my suburban lodgings in the hope that in the cheerful conversation of my charges I might forget my chagrin. Neither GEORGIE nor JACKY were at home. The hours of dinner, tea, and supper passed, and they still put in no appearance. This caused me considerable surprise, as, although not very regular in their habits, they were accustomed to pay attention to the fixtures of meal time. Late in the evening, a police constable called, and explained to me that two boys had sent for me, as a householder, to bail them out.

The remainder of my narrative is clouded with pain. I would willingly stop at this point. But, with a view to completeness, I continue. On reaching the police-station, I learned to my indignation that the "mysterious minstrels" and my charges had the same identity. This discovery will ever be a cause of deep regret to myself, and, I think I may add, for very practical and sufficient reasons, to GEORGIE and JACKY also.



**RECIPROCITY.**

Columbia. "SORRY THEY ARE PARTING COMPANY AND GOING HOME—THE CONTEST FOR THE CUP HAD SUCH A LAME CONCLUSION!"
Britannia. "WELL, MY DEAR, WHOSE FAULT WAS IT! CONSIDERING THAT I UNDERTAKE TO RULE THE WAVES, YOU SURELY MIGHT MANAGE TO KEEP THE COURSE!"



A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Chorus (slow music). "WE'RE A RARE OLD—FAIR OLD—RICKETY, RACKETY CREW!"

A DIALOGUE OF THE NIGHT.

SCENE—*The Shades at Nightfall. The Swiftian Ladies alone.*

Lady Smart. Well, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answerall. Tea and tattle! That is all the men used to think us fit for.

Lady Sparkish. But how times have changed—above stairs!

Lady Smart. Fie! Say rather below stairs, Lady SPARKISH. Up and down are arbitrary or relative terms after all, in the universe. And I'm sure there are no fine drawing-room manners in the modern modish world.

Miss Notable. Heigho! Methinks, nevertheless, I would fain take the air of a London Season once again, however fallen off from the dear dead days of Mr. SPECTATOR.

Lady Answerall. Hush, child! What would Charon say if he heard you? Though in truth I am much of your mind myself.

Lady Sparkish. Better their vivid vulgarity than our rapid gentility!

Miss Notable. La, yes! Our vaporous "fine manners" give me the vapours.

Lady Smart. They do not have "vapours" now, above—well t'other side the Styx, let us say.

Lady Answerall. Indeed, no, nothing so simple and womanly, i' faith. They have substituted neurotic pessimism—and chloral.

Lady Smart. Worse far than our occasional sly sippings of—strong waters!

Lady Answerall. What said the dear satiric Dean?

"Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
A dreadful interval of spleen
How shall we pass the time between?
Here, BETTY, let me take my drops,
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims
And such a pain in all my limbs!"

Miss Notable. Whereas now it would be:—

"Now sad and sole poor madam lies,
Insomnia holding wide her eyes:
'Past ten, and not a single wink.
Though I turned in at four, I think!
If I don't get some hours of sleep,
To-day's appointments can I keep?
And 'tis the Prince's garden-party!
Oh! to be buxom, hale, and hearty
Like some mere milkmaid, who can drowse
After a frolic and a bowse,
Upon a tumbled truss of hay!
I must have sleep. BETTY, I say,
Bring me the cognac and the choral!"
—You may supply the modern moral!"

Lady Sparkish. La, child, you are as much a blue-stocking as the modish she-scribblers of the century-end. We used to leave all that sort of thing to Grub Street.

Miss Notable. Tilly-vally! Grub Street has been made genteel since the ladies took to haunting it. 'Tis now no shabby Alsatis, but a swell sanctuary. Faith, one o' these odd-cum-shortlives—as we used to say—I'll e'en write "The Journal of a Modern Lady" (in imitation of the Dean) up-to-date, for 1895, instead of 1728, to wit.

Lady Smart. Have a care, child! Already you simmer like a farmety kettle, and sloop over like an ill-made junket. Soon you'll be as snug and self-conscious as a new member of "The Souls" if you be not watchful.

Miss Notable. Well, but now the men are away, what really think you, *entre nous*, of the New Woman movement?

Lady Answerall. Why, that 'tis older than MARY WOOLSTONECROFT, and, in fact, originated about the time when EVE took the first bite at the first apple.

Miss Notable. Heigho! 'Tis fine to sit here in the Shades, and say so; but I own I should like well enough to ruffle it in new-fangled clubs and select coteries, to be the talk of the town as APHRA BEHN was, only in the irreproachable company of popular

savants and Bishops' sons; to see my nimbypiminy neuroticisms go into their tenth edition, have my anti-matrimonial mouthings discussed in monthly magazines and religious newspapers, and—have a free slap at the monster, Man, whose best voluntary treatment of us means, at bottom, nothing better than a golden cage and a silken gag.

Lady Sparkish. "Fine words!" I wonder where you stole 'em!"—as the Dean said concerning Chief Justice WHITTED'S coach-motto.

Miss Notable. Humph! Did he not also say, in dealing with *The Furniture of a Woman's Mind*—

"For conversation well endued
She calls it witty to be rude?"

Lady Sparkish. What do you mean, Miss?

Miss Notable. Ha! ha! ha! Not much. But, as Lady ANSWERALL used to say, when we had a dish of tea and tittle-tattle together in the sweet, solid, wicked, bewitching old modish days, "You know I'm old Tell-truth, and love to call a spade a spade."

Lady Sparkish. Oh, I see. As the dear old Dean also said—

"Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?"

[Here arises a general cross-clatter of contradictions, and the gentlemen come in to join the ladies.

Mr. Neverout (quoting)—

"Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vix;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking."

We were disputing, ladies, as to whether these lines were SWIFT'S or another's. Can you settle the point?

Miss Notable (snappishly). Oh, ask a policeman—or a New Woman!!!

OUR OWN TORRIST IN NORTH DEVON.

On *Torrs Walks, Ilfracombe*.—"Here they come by twos and twos, in twos on *Torrs* they swarm." Quotation adapted. "Two" form a Company Limited on *Torrs Walks*. The third person present is "out of it." They tell me these couples are all honeymooners. Perhaps; but if they are not, they ought to be. That's all.



Maybe these duologues are only private rehearsals. Practice makes perfect. I have no special information on this mysterious subject.

On the above-mentioned Honeymooners—"Marriages are made in heaven." When begun in Northern Devon.

A descriptive writer says, "In the *Torrs Walks* are to be found the most bracing spots in all *Ilfracombe*." From what I have accidentally observed, I should correct the above sentence thus:—"In the *Torrs Walks* are to be found some of the most embracing spots in all *Ilfracombe*."

Rara Avis in Torr-is.—Seldom are birds seen flying about, and still fewer hopping about, the *Torrs*. My jocosse friend WILLY WAGSTAFF says "Birds only go 'hopping' in Kent." Good-bye to W. W. Somehow, as a rule, the birds do not affect the *Torrs*. I fancy the twopence for entry is a prohibition. Once I saw a lonely bird on the penny path; but that was a pigeon.

I have seen a whole flock of rooks cawing querulously—"quurring" would be a better descriptive participle—on and about the lower part of the precipitous, rocky *Torrs*; but never have I seen them perching on the highest point of the *Torrs*, which is as inaccessible to these birds at twopence as would be the aforesaid lower portion to the unwinged pedestrian even at a halfpenny; unless pedestrian should arrive at rookery by accidentally tumbling over from above, in which case it is much to be feared he would probably be "left till called for."

One of the most interesting sights on the *Torrs* is the occasional appearance of a kindly gentleman, carrying a snow-white cockatoo, with a magnificent yellow crest, perfectly tame, and perched on his owner's wrist, just as the parrot used to perch on the wrist of our old friend Robinson Crusoe.

The parrot, unchained, is a genuine "Bird of Freedom"; but he never misuses his liberty, nor abuses his privilege of speech, but, from time to time, he erects or lowers his crest, and expresses his approbation of things in general, or his disapprobation of anything in particular. A great companion this POLLY.

Recent Solar Discovery.—I picked it up on *Torrs Walks*. The sun was setting magnificently. Near me there stood, observing the effect, a young lady and a very old one. Quoth the former, "It is a grand sun, isn't it?" And the other replied, "It is a grand-sun, indeed." Being evidently a grandmamma, she ought to know.

Not knowing anything about the political bias of the majority at *Ilfracombe*, I should say the voters must be chiefly *Torr-ies*.

Of the steamers plying between *Ilfracombe*, *Swansea*, *Bristol*, and other neighbouring places, it cannot honestly be said that "they are no great shakes." If the Master of the *Rolls* possesses any nautical authority, it might be advantageously exercised in regard to some of these steamers.

The rule for debarkation and embarkation (on the *Swansea*, *Ilfracombe*, &c., steamers) appears to be, "Insure the least amount of convenience to the greatest number possible." The inconveniences might be modified (to put it gently) were the following suggestions acted upon:—

1st. From *Ilfracombe* pier there should be four sets of stairs (or more) instead of two.

2nd. Make an upper and a lower deck to pier; the latter for shelter during rain and storm. Your hardy sea-dogs seem to be perfectly unaware of the existence of water descending from the clouds. With them the rain is "in nubibus."

3rd. There should be two steamers to any one place, one departing just a quarter of an hour before the other's arrival. Call them "Box" and "Cox"—as they both occupy the same harbour. Thus the pier would never be inconveniently, or dangerously, crowded by an outgoing and an incoming crowd at the same moment.

4th. Bigger steamers.

5th. Greatly improved catering, on board, absolutely necessary. More hands to wait at table.

6th. Other improvements essential, but not necessary to mention here in detail.

On board an excursion steamer I would retain the musicians, especially the cornet; so many persons "come out for a blow" that the absence of this member of the orchestra would be seriously felt.

On board our steamer "*The Brighton*," to *Tenby* and back.—I think we must have had "the Something-can minstrels," whose performance was so graphically described by DICKENS in *Pickwick* as enlivening Mrs. Leo HUNTER's garden party, when "three of them grunted and the fourth howled"; only that, on this occasion, there were about eight or ten of these minstrel boys from Cardiff, who, having left their Welsh harps behind them, sat in the centre of the upper deck, inflicting their delightful melodies on such of the passengers as were unable to get out of earshot without either going below, where it was "stuffy," or into the fore part of the vessel. When these Cambrian Choristers were not singing they indulged in a little rough and ready play with each others caps, a humorous proceeding that seemed to afford them almost as much pleasure as did the sound of their own voices, for the applause with which they greeted every specimen of their skill in vocalisation was touchingly unanimous. In this demonstration of mutual approbation I did not notice any passengers taking part.

Now suppose a party of amateur and comic musicians, a party of amateur choristers, and a Salvationist chorus all on board at the same time, and suppose that all these different parties had commenced simultaneously, each party giving its special form of entertainment, would life be worth living on board that steamer? Surely the captain, or the company, could put up a notice that only the paid professional musicians would be allowed to play and sing on board, and so stop this Excursionist Babel.

Advice to passengers by steamboat proposing to land at *Lundy Island*.—Don't. *Lundy* is a most interesting island, though it doesn't look it. Further Advice.—Stay on board and read all about *Lundy Island* in your Murray's guide, and, probably, you will then have acquired far more knowledge of the place than is ever obtained by the majority who are permitted and even encouraged to crowd the rowing boats plying between the steamer and the shore. I, moi qui parle, saw the men bailing the water out of these boats as they returned from shore; saw the men and women jammed up together trying to keep at least their ankles dry; and if there had only been some playful 'Arries among the lot, just a lurch to one side, or the other, would at least have shipped enough water to have drenched them up to the knees, and then one frightened person might in terror have capsize the boat. I do not know who regulates these matters, I only describe what I saw with my own eyes and what struck me as being decidedly perilous. Is it impossible to build out a pier at *Lundy Island*? If impossible, cannot some regulation as to the number every boat is to carry be enforced? *

The perfumes of *Ilfracombe* (I think I saw the "Perfume of *Ilfracombe*" advertised as sold in bottles at a local hairdresser's) are various at various times. Always on the *Torrs* is the perfume perfect. But in the lower part of the town they are select and peculiar; as thus:—Early morning, coming from bathing, and passing by hotels and boarding-houses, appetising perfume of eggs and bacon everywhere, with that of fried fish thrown in. The perfume in the road by the tennis courts, where the donkey chairs and cabs stand, is, as may be imagined, most delightful when all the flies and donkeys are there at midday, afternoon, and evening. And in the early morning the faint reminiscence of yesterday's donkey and cab-stand perfume is, it need hardly be said, most exhilarating and delightful to the unbreakfasted passer-by.

* Since writing this Your Own Torrist is glad to find his remarks anticipated by the *Western Daily Press* (*Bristol*, September 6), which hints at improvements about to be made in the landing of passengers both at *Lynmouth* and at the *Mumbles*. Let the condition of things be bettered also at *Lundy* and at *Ilfracombe*.

New Version.

(For the Nursery of the Future.)

THERE was a New Woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but paper and ink,
Though paper and ink formed her favourite diet,
This noisy New Woman could never keep quiet!

"CURRENT" RECORDS.—The Cunard steamer *Aleppo*, with a cargo of 1500 tons of currants on board, has succeeded in raisin' the record between *Patras* and *Liverpool*, having accomplished the voyage in 9 days 21½ hours. This vessel has the honour of being the first in with the new currant crop, and, as a reward, she will be allowed "enhanced freights." 1500 tons of currants fully entitle her, we should say, to "take the cake."

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. IV.—OFF DUTY—HARMONY—"HANSOM UP!"

CABBY off dooty's a clubable man. So—perfect O K—says some pen-driving party.

Why, certainly gentlemen! Wot do you think? There is few things like 'orses to make fellows 'earty.

Your coachees, and carters, and costers, and such, not to name racing coves, are in general most chummy, And if doing London on wheels every day didn't make Cabbies feel in one swim, 'twould be rummy.

A flick o' the lash or a crook o' the elber may be all we've time for when meetin' or passin'.

But bless yer, we're all on the same job you see, and earn't be too pertikler in rankin' an' classin'.

Dirty pertatars, of course, do abound, but we don't shove on side if a chap's a bit decent.

And consequent clubs are a bit in our line, likeways free-and-easies. I've joined one quite recent.

Sing? Well, they do say I've a pipe like a blackbird, but that's a tommy-rot, in a manner o' speakin'.

Wish I could touch my JIM CROW's mornin' flute o'er a mealy and turf with my tenorish squeaking.

Still, I'm in request when the 'armony's on, and I just do my level, along o' the others.

I tell you there's a talent among us sometimes, though the chippers nickname us the HULLAVOO BROTHERS.

One smart "little mash," from out Pimlico way, known as "BARNEY THE BARD," or "B. B." or "THE BUTTER."

Can write 'is own songs. You should just 'ear 'im tip us "A Tanner a Mile," or "The Broom and the Duster."

CHEVALIER himself couldn't top 'im in patter. 'E's writ me a song—me an' 'im being pally—

It's called "Hansom Up!" an' the first night I give it—with thanks to B. B.!'—twos a regular rally.

It took 'em all sudden, and knocked 'em, I tell yer. "Now JACK," sez the Chairman (Old BUNGO), hironic,

"That larst was a guasher as made us feel sniffy; toon up suthing lively, and give us a tonic!

Young SCRAU O' LAMB's love-songs are like sweetened gin, JACK, they want a korrective, a Scotch, or a Bitter."

"Right, BUNGO!" sez I, "I will give yer dry fizz 'stead o' pep'ment," as set 'im an' Vice on the titter.

HANSOM UP!

Oh, hirripi-dumple-day! I was born out Barnsbury way,

An' I cut my heyte-teeth early, you can bet,—

You can bet!

I 'ad 'ardly took to socks, when I mounted on the box,

And larnt to tyke it smilin', dry or wet,—

Dry or wet!

Me nyme is BOB FITZGIBBONS. I've a light 'and on the ribbons,

And mates christened me the Piccadilly Pup,—

Dilly Pup.

With my smart snuff-coloured bowler, and my natty button-'oler,

I arner to the cry of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!!

Hansom-Up! Ah, that's the word. It's our war-cry wot is 'eard

From Putney up to pleasant Pentonville,—

Pentonville.

And then I'm on the chivvy! Lardy toff or mild old mivvey

I can drive with demon dash or cautious skill,—

Careful skill.

For the pace that takes yer dandy, when the Four Hexpress is 'andy,

Will scare old Mother MROOS and 'er pug-pup,—

Puffy pup!

And to take it 'ot or easy, as the hasphalte's dry or greasy,

Is the diplomattic dodge of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

For to tool a dashing Forder, rubber-tyred an' all in order,

With hivory quissing-glass an' reading-lamp,—

Glass and lamp,

I can tell yer 's none so dusty. Yer old Growler's fare is crusty,

With a bloom-in' bottle nose, or bulgin' gamp,—

Green old gamp.



But a pair o' smart swell mashes, trim merstache an' long heyte-lashes, A-drivin' to the Hopera, or to sup,—

Spoon and sup,

Is a mighty diff'rent matter, an' yer drives up clitter-clatter,

When you 'ears the Capting's 'orty Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

Ah! to twig 'em tittivating in the mirrors, while you're waiting

For the Bobby in a Piccadilly block,—

Dilly block.

Or a-dabbin' lips and noses with soft puffs, as smells o' roses,

Or a readin' yaller books as some might shock,—

Scare or shock,

Is perticularly funny, and sech fares means—mostly—money.

Wy sometimes yer 'll git a tip for Stakes or Cup,—

Stakes or Cup,

From a covert-coated dandy, or a weed or nip of brandy,

When there's winning in 'is 'ail of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

Oh, Bads may talk of Ransom, but give me a dashing Hansom,

A silk topper, and a decent run of luck,—

Cabby's luck;

With a bay 'oss to my liking, and you won't ketch me a striking,

Not without good cause, as some old pals 'ave struck,—

Lately struck.

Things may go a trifle 'ard 'twixt bad weather and the yard,

But that won't knock out the Piccadilly Pup,—

Dilly Pup.

On my "SHREWSBURY and TALBOT," I'm as right as rain—or all but,—

And there's music in the 'ail of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

"Hansom Up!" I can tell yer, was chorussed a good 'un, and took

most tremenjous. Collection that night—

For a broken-down Growler a-twist with rheumatics—was somethink to brim 'is wife's heytes with delight.

Oh, charity's charity, but when a Princess provides there's a extry strong pull at yer purse.

And ditto with 'armony! That's 'uman nature; we're just built that way—an' it might 'a bin worse!

"AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER."

SCENE—Smoking-room of recently re-opened Old-Established Club. Members discovered partaking of light refreshments.

First Mem. (sipping a lemon squash). Yes, the Royalty is decidedly improved in appearance, and the audience, too, is quite up to the standard of the old *Ixion plus Black-eyed Susan* days. Quite a pretty house, and quite a distinguished set in the auditorium.

Second Mem. (lighting a cigarette). And the play?

First Mem. Distinctly amusing. Both BOUACHIER and his wife excellent, and KATE PHILLIPS, as a sorrow-stricken cook, capital. Not quite sure whether it would not have been better to have left *M. le Directeur* in France. He was there to the manner born; but in England—well, to put it plainly, the Home Office in Soho is not in the least like the Home Office in Whitehall.

Third Mem. (Anishing a glass of "improved" soda water). But is it intended to be?

Second Mem. I don't know, but a good many of the audience (presumably the gentlemen of the pit and gallery) will adopt the assumption. After all, to be a member of the Civil Service is something, even in these degenerate days. The sketch of official life in Soho will not enhance the dignity of the—shall we call it?—profession. But concede that the local colouring is appropriate, and *The Chili Widow* is simply first-rate.

Third Mem. Better than *Bogey* at the St. James's?

Second Mem. So I have been told. And how about the Garrick? First Mem. *Alabama*, with WILLARD. Not particularly exciting. We know how good a man the popular actor can be, but for stage purposes he is much more pleasing as a villain. And TOOLE is back again in his own theatre?

Second Mem. So I have been told. If, as report has it, the visit is to say farewell, it will be a sad one. Take it all round, there is no better actor in the world than the hero of *Ici on parle Français*, and the embodiment of *Pau Claudian*.

First Mem. I quite agree with you. Has any one been to see *India at Earl's Court*?

Third Mem. I have. About as fine a spectacle as they make them. The Empress Theatre, worthy of its name—the entertainment appropriate to its surroundings. Quite selissée Olympia in its most prosperous days. And if you want to see how a few scraps of waste land can be converted into a region of gardens, museums, theatres, and palaces, just mount the Great Wheel, and look down upon the scene below you.

[Enter the Waiter, when the chat about things theatrical is interrupted by orders for cooling and other drinks. Curtain.]



STILL IN THE HONEYMOON.

Angelina. "AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO BUY A TIN OF COCOATINA."

[Edwin ties a knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

Angelina. "AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE DEAR MAMMA."

[Edwin ties another knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

Angelina. "AND OH, EDWIN DEAR, YOU WON'T, YOU WON'T FORGET TO THINK SOMETIMES OF YOUR POOR LITTLE WIFE, LEFT ALL ALONE FOR THE DAY!"

[Edwin ties a THIRD knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY RICHARD HOWARD.

[Captain H. R. HOWARD, who was reputed to have been JOHN LEECH's "only pupil," and who, in the Fifties and Sixties, contributed many pictorial drolleries (mostly signed with a trident) to *Mr. Punch's* pages, died on Aug. 31 last, in his 81st year.]

FRIEND of old days, when LEECH's pencil charmed [warmed,
Each heart that grace allured and humour
How fast the years have fled
Since that irreparable loss! And how
It stirs old memories to learn that now
His pupil, too, lies dead!

A lesser light, but linked with the great time,
Three decades since, when in his glorious prime
LEECH left us, in full fame, [stant care,
And *Punch*, who makes old friends his con-
Upon his page of honour space must spare
For humorous HOWARD's name.

"OH! THE DAYS OF THE (SOUTH) KERRY
DANCING."—The latest figure introduced into
that diverting *dance excentrique*, the Hiber-
nian Can-Can, is known as "the Irish 'split.'"

"THE PILLER OF THE HOUSE."—The
family doctor.

THE BALLAD OF BECHUANA.

The answer *Mr. Punch* would like *Mr. Cham-berlain* to be able to make to *Khama*.

[*Khama*, the Bechuana chief, will not consent to come under *Rhodes* if the white man is to be free to 'convey' his subjects' land, and to poison them with strong drink."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

AIR—"Oriana."

We sympathise with your great woe,
Bechuana.
There's a little rest for Chiefs below,
Bechuana.
In sultry climes, in climes of snow,
The drink will come, the land will go,
Bechuana.
The ways of Trade were ever so,
Bechuana!

The Chartered Company seems growing,
Bechuana.
The liquor interest is crowing,
Bechuana.
Bung is blowing, drink is flowing,
Rhodes like one o'clock is going,
Bechuana.
Where they will stop there is no knowing,
Bechuana!

In black kingdoms, as in white,
Bechuana.
Men are given to getting "tight,"
Bechuana.
Khama, it is a grievous sight.
And you, you seem to have done right,
Bechuana.
Since you your troth to us did plight,
Bechuana!

Sober, industrious, fond of peace,
Bechuana.
You've kept your tribe. May it increase,
Bechuana.
If you would have the traffic cease,
Why should your heart not have that ease,
Bechuana?
Sobriety is the best police,
Bechuana!

It is a vile, corroding curse,
Bechuana.
We do not wish, quite the reverse,
Bechuana.
That, just to fill a huckster-purse,
Your tribe should go from bad to worse,
Bechuana.
Twere a foul shame! That's true and
terse,
Bechuana!

Let Gain go hang, let Bung be blowed,
Bechuana.
Rather than drunkenness corrode,
Bechuana.
The realm whereby *Molopo* flowed.
To *Khama* Britons much have owed,
Bechuana;
The boon you crave should be bestowed,
Bechuana

A RIVERSIDE RONDEL.

Afloat the water-lily lies,
Lolling gold head on soft green coat,
The swans drift by in stately wise
Afloat.

Faint music from the warbler's throat,
The moorhen in the sedge that plies,
The plash of oars, a distant boat,
The passing flash of dragon-flies—
Such sights and sounds I dimly note,
The while I watch with straining eyes
A float!

MODERN INSTANCE OF PATIENCE ON A
MONUMENT.—The Powers sitting on the
Ottoman.



“BUNG” IN AFRICA.

RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN (to KING KHAMA). “‘LOCAL VETO’ FOR BECHUANALAND? H'M!—A RATHER TICKLISH BUSINESS! UPSET A GOVERNMENT *HERE* THE OTHER DAY!”

[“KHAMA, the Bechuan chief, arrived in England and was received by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at the Colonial Office. . . . He desires to be assured in the power of excluding intoxicants absolutely from his territories.”—*The Times*.]



THE "DINO" SHOW

THE "DINO" SHOW is a new and exciting production featuring the most talented and talented performers in the world. The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts and the sciences. The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts and the sciences. The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts and the sciences.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

COMMERCIAL prosperity continues to attend the cheery coster as he hawks his wares about the Liverpool streets, and the situation is getting hawkward for the local tradesman, who declares that the itinerant vendor's opposition draws away customers from his shop. So momentous, indeed, to the welfare of the Lancastrian port has this Cockney Crusade become, that the magnates of the City Corporation assembled in Committee to discuss means for "making the coster go back to London." Among other weighty reasons for the expulsion of the intruder, it was stated that "a gentleman trod upon a banana peel the other day, and fell." Whether the peel was deposited by an offending coster, or by one of the many barefooted but picturesque and ingenious youths of the town, history does not relate. However, the great gravity of the crisis may be understood when, towards the end of the debate on the question, we are told that the chairman observed that, "if this thing was allowed to go on, perhaps a certain alderman and himself would start a barrow with a picture on it, and go about selling fine arts." Chorus of aldermen:—



REVENGE IS SWEET.

Beach Musician (to constant Non-Subscriber). "SURE WE SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT ANY GENTLEMAN THAT REELLY CAN'T AFFORD TO CONTRIBUTE ON THE FREE LIST!"

Round the town! Up and down!
Anything to earn an honest brown:
Civic costers enterprising,
Up-to-date and early-rising,
Why we'll hawk our blooming pictures round the town!

BRAEMAR Castle is to be restored. "The alterations on the building are to be mostly internal," says the *Daily Free Press*, "and the external appearance will remain as at present, so that on rounding Creag Choinnich"—a good oigne of vantage this, by the way—"the traveller will have no difficulty in recognising the castle." Good. Beau BRUMMELL once snubbed a sovereign, but we should hate to run the risk of cutting a castle. The same authority further informs us that the edifice in question "stands on a grassy mound between the Dossie road and the river Dee, and as it is not surrounded by trees it forms a rather conspicuous object in the landscape." Dossie-dly this smacks more of Erin than of Caledonia, and calls to mind PAT O'FERGAN's remark—"Shure, me boy, an' I wasn't in the room at all, at all. I was hidin' behind the fire-shereen!"

LITERARY PROVERB.—Too many characters spoil the novel.

THE AGE OF LOVE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Is it possible, in the so-called end of this so-called nineteenth century, to dream of such a thing as the Age of Love? The man of to-day, if he be wise, thinks not of the face and form of the woman he may care to marry, but asks himself the question, "Will she make me a good wife? Can she clean chimneys, cook and mend; is she capable of discussing intellectually subjects of interest—such as dentistry, hunting, symbolism, and so forth—with her husband? Can she grind the organ, play the comb, is she active at cross-sweeping and cradle-rocking, quick at smiling away one's smiles and frowning away one's tears, ready to greet all my friends with the same amiability she shows to me, is she prepared for intelligent begging-letter-writing, can she scour, skirt-dance, recite, carve, mangle, and fence?" Too often he is bound to answer, "No, she cannot; so what good is she to me?" I do not mean to say that all women are like this. Heaven forbid! But good housewives are few and far between. There are many girls of the period who are deficient in one or even more of the accomplishments above-mentioned, so how can she be fitted for the wife of a middle-class man?

It is all very well to love, but a vastly different matter to marry such women as these. Good sound reason and common-sense are better articles to possess. We cannot have too much of that—indeed, we often get a great deal more than is good for us, so that in my humble opinion friendship, common-sense, logic, and grammar are worth more than all the love any man or woman can give; and it is all very well to sneer at pessimists, but in my humble opinion they have only themselves to blame for it, and through all ages it will ever be the same until there is some alteration.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A SENSIBLE PESSIMIST.
Aima Villa, Sebastopol Road, Balham.

SIR,—There is an old saying with which we are all acquainted, and which affirms that "there are as pretty kettles of fish in the sea as ever came out of it." If you will permit me, I will quote my own case. At the age of seventy-two I married the man of my choice. We had been married for seven days, when, alas! the truth forced itself relentlessly upon me that my husband was suffering from depression of spirits. His nature, which had always been a gay and joyous one, became apathetic; he seemed indifferent to my society, and before many weeks were over he bored himself to death.

I think before eighty is only April sort of sunshine, which only brings flowers, &c., into bud; it is June, July, and October sunshine that makes, or the want of it that mars, the harvest. There are many of my own and the other sex still unmarried, pure, gentle, and loving old women, who, I think, would gladly enter matrimony. Alas! Love is laughed about and joked about, but the souls it has ruined are few. Trusting you will find space for my poor scribble, I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, HAPPY BROWN BESS.
Earlswood, September 14, 1895.

[Space forbids further insertions of letters on this subject.—Ed.]

THE CONQUEROR.

[MR. H. N. PILLSBURY, a young American master of twenty-two years, won the first prize in the Chess Tournament at Hastings.]

Two Battles of Hastings—when young scholars rattle
Their "dates" off—henceforth may be reckoned:

If WILLIAM the Norman did win the first battle,
'Twas PILLSBURY pulled off the second.

A very young player old STEINITZ to tackle,
Or enter the lists against LASKER!

When History's Muse is henceforth on the cackle,

One question a scholar may ask her,—

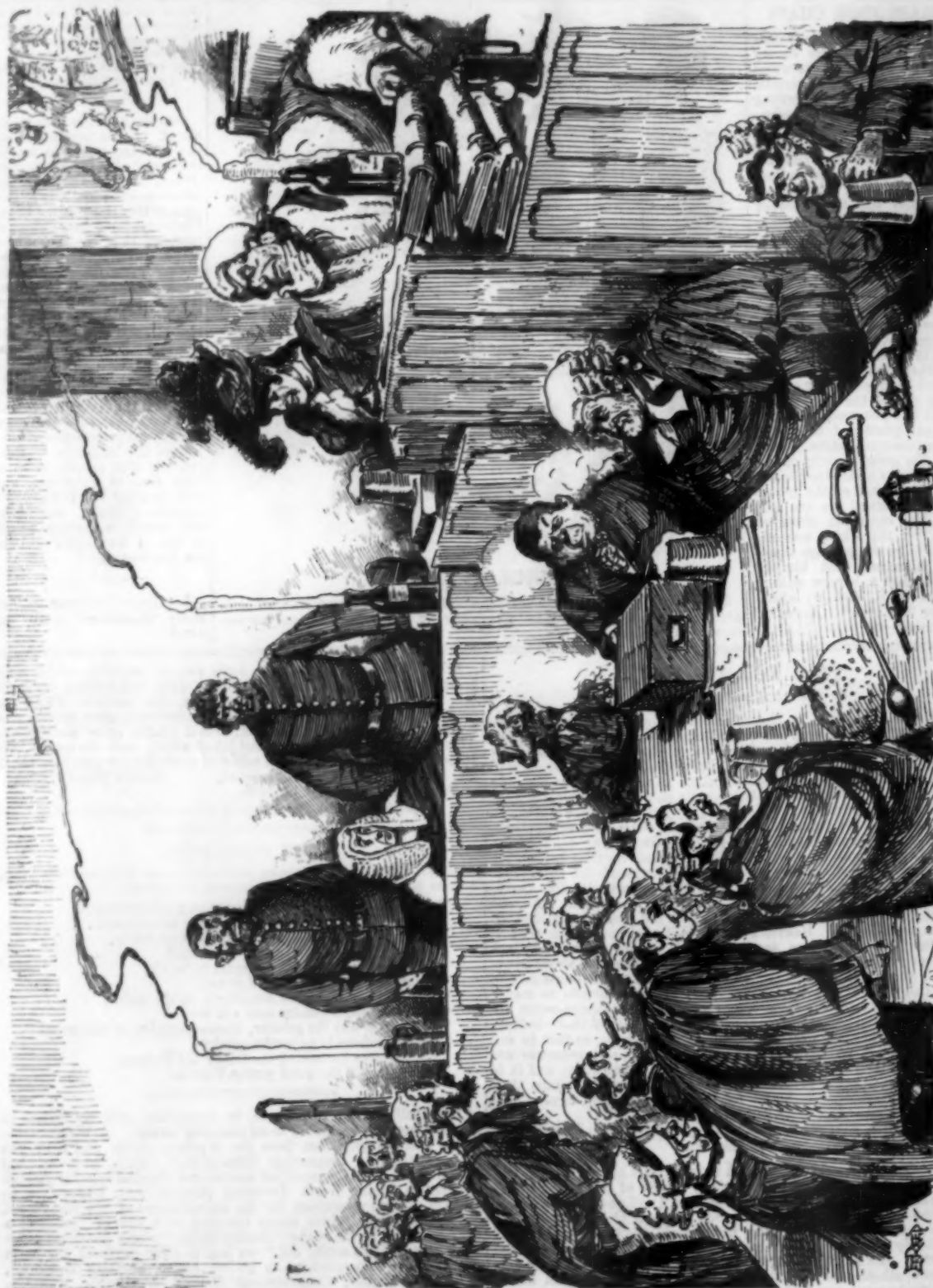
"Oh, which was the greater, chess-champion or war-man?"

In chess there is no hanky-panky;

Less fair was the win of the tricky old Norman,

Than that of the quiet young Yankee!

THE "alliterative" epidemic, in connection with the names of marine resorts, is spreading to an alarming extent. A Welsh newspaper heads a quotation from the *Western Daily Press* by the taking title of "Improving Ilfracombe." This, however, has nought to do with the excellent mental and physical benefits derived by visitors to the North Devonian pleasure port, but refers to District Council resolutions for the improvement of the place itself—a Quixotic idea, which seems identical with that of "painting a lily." To the scribe of the "Seaside Series," whose penchant is for "apt alliteration's artful aid," we beg to offer—without any extra charge—a few suggestions to go on with:—Soothing Southend, Winsome Whitby, Congressional Cardiff, Sweltering Swansea, Peaceful Penzance, or "piratical" ditto, and so on *ad nau-sea-am*.



THE JUDGE'S DREAM.

BALL VERSUS BALL.

AN AUTUMN EPILOGUE.

The rivals, Cricket Ball and Football, like Menelaos and Damocles, defend their favourite sports, and make their friend Punch (like Palemon) judge of their performances.

Football. Ho! Hurry up and put yourself away!

September's here, and Cricket's had its day. You and your Bat have had a wondrous boom.

Now for a manlier sport, and Me, make room!

Cricket Ball. A manlier sport? Tell that to sordid Tykes!

The "brass," and not the game, is what he likes.

Who kicks your swollen and unshapely form Through snow and mud, in fog and frozen storm;

And in pursuit of silver pots and pelf, Makes a dishevelled mudlark of himself;

Then calls it—Sport! O, there! don't talk to me.

I'm not a slave to sludge and L. S. D.

Football. Pooh! If I'm kicked you're spanked. The foot of GUNN

Hurts less than does his bat. Pray is it fun To bide O'BRIEN's buffet? Have you scored

After two hours—at Hastings—with big FORD? GRACE thumps you for nine Centuries in one

season.

And after that you crow with little reason!

Cricket Ball. Oh, GRACE and GUNN lay on to me in love.

FORD's "gentle tap," O'BRIEN's "friendly shove"

Hurt not my feelings more than a slight slap From rosy fingers hurts an amorous chan.

But you stand kicks for halfpence. Question it?

Well, just you read about the Football Split And the two rival Unions!

Football. That's all fudge. The North is of true Sport the truest judge!

How about GRACE's Testimonial?

Cricket Ball. Not A sample of the Hunting of the Pot.

But a free tribute to a sportsman prime, Who plays the game right through, and

laughs at Time. But rowdism and mere greed of gain

Will spoil the noblest sport. I speak with pain.

Football. You spheric Pharisee! Don't sniff and brag.

Go join the Bat in his green winter bag! A hum-drum hibernation is your doom.

The winter season's mine, for me make room! Cricket Ball. Alas! 'tis true! Retirement

is my lot. The bright green sward, blue skies, and sunshine hot.

September sees an end of. I rejoice

The Surrey Cricket Club has given its voice Against the money-mania that would make

The Oval turf a frozen swampy lake, Pounded by heavy-footed Football cracks,

Galloping "forwards," elephantine "backs." It makes me shudder on my shelf to think

Of that green sward, smooth-surfaced as a rink

Where sturdy ABEL cut and drove amain. And RICHARDSON sent "rippers" down like

rain;

Where the white-flannel'd fielders sometimes flopped,

While saucy Surrey sparrows pecked and hopped,—

To think of it all trampled, pounded, ploughed.

By fierce footballers, whilst a furious crowd Howled in a hideous ring.

Football. Oh, shut up, do! The S. C. C.'s are an old-fashioned crew,



"THE PITY O' IT!"

"WELL, SIMPSON, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE HOT WEATHER?"

"CAN'T STAND IT, SIR! IT'S HAWFUL! AIN'T GOT NO STOMACH FOR MY VICTUALS, SIR!"

Who soon will find they are not up to date, And they'll be sorry—when perhaps too late. Football's a manly sport for Titan lads!

Cricket Ball. But spoiled by buckster eliques and noisy cads. [and then.

Football. Cricket is slow, quite stodgy now

Cricket Ball. But 'tis a sport for friends

and gentlemen.

Palemon Punch.

In either sport such honest pleasure lies That both must win, as each deserves, a prize.

The summer sport is each true Briton's care, But Football's death would leave our winters

bare

Of numerous joys. Damocles sweetly sang And clear the music of Menelaos rang;

"Rest equal happy both," in friendly strains Palemon said to the Virgilian swains: [you;

"Long live and prosper both," Punch says to But O beware the howling harpy crew

Who'd knock the "I" out of our good old Play And make it all a matter of mere Pay!

The rowdies follow where the bucksters lead, Football beware of ruffianly greed!

You're treading far too near that fatal trap; Avoid it, or you'll suffer. *Verbum sap!*

You, cricket ball, to bounce be not a slave. Let "championships" and "averages" have

Their proper place. Let love of Number One Spoil not good sport, good fellowship, good fun.

In short, whether good luck or bad luck comes Just "play the game," like gentlemen and

chums!

So having given his verdict somewhat loth, Punch ends with wishing the best luck to

both!

GOOSE AND GANDER.—A sapient Somebody (or Nobody) modestly proposes that, in taking

a poll for a Free Library, everybody who does not take the trouble to register his vote

at all shall be counted as if he had voted against the proposal! Well, what is sauce for

the goose is sauce for the gander. Suppose that all who don't take the trouble to vote

should be counted as voting for the proposal. There's at least as much to be said for that

as for the opposite plan.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

OSTEND must be a glorious place. From an advertisement which has appeared in an evening contemporary I gather that "the multitude, anxious to spend an elegant and fashionable sojourn in the country, has rendered itself this year at Ostend. It is a long time since such an opulent clientèle has been united in a seaside resort. At the fall of day the vast terraces of the fashionable restaurants, situated along the sea-bank, present a fairy aspect. There is quite a confusion of dazzling costumes upon which sparkle thousand gems, and all this handsome cosmopolitan society passes through the saloons of the Kursaal Club, in which one hears



spoken all known languages as at Babel and Monte Carlo, and of which the attractions are identical to those of the latter place." This is the first time I have heard of a similarity to Babel being mentioned as an attraction. But no doubt an opulent clientèle has peculiar tastes of its own, especially when its dazzling costumes sparkle with thousand gems.

In a small Belgian town (naturally not Ostend) I once saw the following notice hung over the door of a washerwoman's establishment:—

Anglish linge tooks here from 1 son
Short, oia, coaks, deep-shert, pokets.
I eet my hatt.

The last sentence puzzled me for a long time. Finally I came to the conclusion that it was not intended so much to be a statement of actual fact as an enticement to English people, who would of course take all their washing to a lady commanding so gay and accurate a knowledge of an English catch-phrase.

My third example of English as she is spoke is from a notice issued by an out-of-the-way hotel in Italy, which had changed its management:—

The nobles and noblesse traveller are beg to tell that the direction of this splendid hotel have bettered himself. And the strangers will also find high comforting luxuries, hot cold water coffee bath and all things of perfect establishment and at prices fixed. Table d'hôte best of Italy France everywhere. Oncean linens is quick wash and every journals is buy for readers. Beds hard or soft at the taste of traveller. Soaps everywere plenty. Very cheaper than other hotel. No mosquits no parrot no rat.

AND this (though the connection is not, at first sight, very clear) brings me to the Vicar of Sparkbrook. Only the other day he was presiding at a meeting held in aid of the funds of the Christ Church (Sparkbrook) Day Schools. Alluding to the importance of maintaining Church Schools, he said (I quote from a Birmingham paper) that "though he did not want to touch on politics, he must express his thankfulness that they had a Government in power which was favourable to Church Schools, and which was pledged to construct, and not to destruct." The Vicar's feeling for emphasis is admirable. The sentence gains immeasurably in force by the perversion "destruct." And we ought to be specially grateful to him for refraining from the other alternative. If he had said, as it was open for him to say, "which was pledged not to destroy, but to constroy," the effect would have been terrible.

I WAS staying at a London hotel a short time ago and had occasion to write a letter in the public reading-room. Sitting down to one of the writing-tables and opening the portfolio I found that a previous occupant had left in it an unfinished letter which, with all necessary apologies, I here transcribe in full:

MY DARLING HARRY,—I am fading like a flower deprived of its natural nourishment without you, my darling, my own little sniperpop—

Now what, in the name of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, can a "sniperpop" be?

How shall I name you? Darling,
dove,

Partridge (or any other bird)
Are not the names I seek, my
love;

I want just one caressing word,

One word which, whether old or
new, [you.

Shall prove my depth of love for

Without it all my power is gone,
Without my own I feebly fade:



In vain I turn the lexicon,
The word I want is not yet
made.

Must I entreat, to ease my
pain,

Divine Philology in vain?

Ah, little nowadays it boots
To imitate primeval man;
Our Aryan ancestors had roots
With which to formulate their
plan.

They used them all—they had
their fun—
And left us not a single one.

Yet, oh my HARRY, something
tells [succeed—

Your own she may, she must
What's this? Yes, yes, ring out
the bells; [I'm freed.
From grief's dark thunder-cloud
No longer shall I droop or drop—
Eureka, "little Sniperpop."

In the *Newcastle Daily Journal* I read that "for some time a certain amount of feeling has existed at Crawcrook on the question of horse-shoeing." This culminated in a challenge by JOSEPH DELAFIELD to GEORGE LATHAN, both these gentlemen being master blacksmiths. A match for £5 was soon made, "each man to shoe the foot of a draught-horse in the quickest and best style." Here there must be some mistake, since if each man did the job in the quickest and best style, the result obviously must be a dead heat. However "the match commenced on Saturday morning at the shop of LATHAN. After LATHAN finished his work, which occupied forty-three minutes, the horse was driven to the shop of DELAFIELD, who occupied forty-one minutes in the operation. Large crowds were on the spot to witness the match. Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN of Whittonstall, the judge, gave his decision in favour of LATHAN."

THERE is something very sporting and attractive about all this. One man wins the match, the other can console himself by the reflection that he had two minutes the better of it on time. There seems to have been no grumbling, and (although the fact is not stated) I have no doubt the parties met at an enthusiastic dinner in the evening and toasted the good old English sport of horse-shoeing. The authorities at Oxford and Cambridge might do worse than institute a horse-shoeing competition between teams of undergraduates, who would of course strike blue nails into blue shoes with blue hammers. A "blazer" would be particularly appropriate to such a contest.

OUR FASHION LETTER.

(Extracted from the "Poppleton College Gazette.")

DEAR THOMAS,—As September advances, the wave of fashion is once more filling our best academies, so that a few hints as to the latest modes may well be of service to you. Have you seen the new double pocket? It is quite *chic*. It is constructed simply enough by making a large hole in the side-pockets of your coat, thereby you will find there is an useful space beneath the lining, in which such necessary trifles as a lump of toffee or a Jew's-harp can be comfortably disposed of. Buttons will not be much worn, especially as the term advances. It is rumoured that FORKNER major has gone into tails; and if this be true, probably others will follow his example before long.

My old friend RICHARD—a well-known connoisseur in such matters—strongly recommends the new confectioner's shop near the school. The Turkish Delight sold there is quite admirable, I am told, and a single bar of the stick-jaw, if used carefully, will last for an entire day. Talking of shopping, I have been to the bookseller's lately. What a misfortune it is that the publishers do not issue Messrs. BOHN's Classical Library at a lower price! The present one is almost prohibitive to those of us who wish to avoid a certain amount of drudgery, and to please our excellent pedagogues at the same time.

Have you heard rumours of a boom in marbles? Hitherto one has associated the game with the lower classes, but I understand that two Upper-Fifth gentlemen were seen to play it last week. If so, it will soon be widely popular. By the way, the report that JOHNSON minor is seriously ill is absurd. The truth of the matter is, that this dashing sportsman had undertaken to eat thirty cracknels in ten minutes, without drink of any kind. The result—he lost by half a cracknel—was to cause him some temporary inconvenience, but he is now completely restored to health.

Here are two recipes, which, I think, you will like:—

1. *Bacon à la Dormitory*. Procure a piece of bacon, and cut it into strips. Impale these, one at a time, on a penholder, and frizzle them slowly over the dormitory gas. (Care should be taken that the tutor is out, as the fragrance caused by the bacon is considerable.) When sufficiently done, chop up with penknives, and serve hot. Condensed milk should be drunk with this dish.

2. *Marrons à la Poppleton*. Place some chestnuts between the bars of the fireplace. Do not break the skins. Presently the roasted nuts will fly into the room with a loud report, and much amusement will be caused if they happen to hit anybody on the face. They may then be picked up and eaten. Sherbet is an appropriate drink with which to accompany them. Yours ever, WILLIAM.

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